1st.

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TO HIS
Royal Highneſs,
AT HIS
Happy Return
FROM
SCOTLAND.

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

30 May. 1682.

WHen all the Glories of Triumphant *Rome*,
Seem'd Sick to death, likely to be o'recome
By a *Barbarian* Sword; one Man was found
T' rebate its Edge and heal his Country's Wound.
But theirs were Foreign Foes. Our ravenous breed
(Thoſe crawling Inſects in our Bowels bred,)
Like their *Egyptian* Predeceſſors, ſwarm:
The Rabble Duſt doth with the Vermin Arm,
Threatning again, if Heav'n don't interpoſe,
A ſecond Ax, *to make Kings glorious.*
In vain, with patience, did we long indure;
In vain from Senates, have we ſought our cure.
But what will an aſpiring Senate hear,
When Factious Zeal and City Baggs appear,
With *Wapping* Reformades and Tilted Peer:
But Godlike *Charles*, letting *Alphæus* looſe,
With timely Care cleans'd the *Augean*-Houſe;
Yet Spite and Venome through the Limbs are ſpread,
The Monſter ſtruggles tho' has loſt its Head;
Serpents retain their Stings when they are dead:
And an aſſociated immortal Tail
Doth once more the Imperial Crown aſſail,
And what even They did not in Councel dare,
Expects its Birth from a Sham Court of War:
For the World hath not ſuch obedient things
As *Whigs*, except to God, Biſhops and Kings.
Yet, Royal Sir, the *Genius* of our Iſle,
Lifts his pain'd Head, and welcomes with a ſmile

Your

Your bleſt Return. No more, ſays he, no more
Shall I my *Albion*'s Miſeries deplore,
When the two heav'nly Brothers ſhine ſo bright,
No dread of Tempeſts from thoſe Sons of night.
Go on, great Prince, in all thy ways approve
A Subject's Duty in a Brother's Love,
Until thy Piety expoſe with Shame
All the Suborn'd Blaſphemers of thy Fame.
Redeem the injur'd Muſes from the Stains
Of ſuch who think ſtrong Lines can hide weak Brains,
Claiming *Apollo*'s Chair; as if to Ly,
Were Fancy; or to Rail, were Poetry.
A Spurious Race, who Wit and Sence diſown,
Nor Gold, nor Lawrel, will ſuch Temples Crown.
Next, Sir, your deareſt Conſort doth command
An humble Off'ring from each Loyal hand;
But where the beautious Theme's ſo heav'nly bright,
It is much eaſier to Adore, than Write.
'Tis not for Poets to diſcourſe of Eyes,
Have made an Heroes heart their Sacrifice:
Words are too narrow to deſcribe ſuch light,
Or ſpeak my Duteous Joys for the bleſt ſight;
For Sovereign Beauty like the Ark doth ſtand,
'Tis death to touch, unleſs with hallowed hand.
Here a retiring Reverence is due,
They could have conquer'd Worlds that conquer'd you.
It is enough, good Heavens! We welcome home,
The Hope of Kingdoms, in her fruitful Womb.
For if when time ſhall Sacred *Charles* remove,
(Long, long, be it firſt!) to the bleſt Seats above,
Our black dy'd Sins ſhould cauſe the mourning Throne
To be unbleſt with Iſſue of his Own;
What could the miſerable Breach repair,
But Pitious Heav'n and this Illuſtrious Pair.
Heaven, who declares in Wonders ſo Divine
Care of Succeſſion, in the rightful Line;
That it protects you with a guardian hand
From *Whiggiſh Lemans* both of Sea and Land.
Your gen'rous Heart the mighty Debt doth know,
Which you your God and God-like Brother owe.
But, Sir, the Church of *England*'s in diſtreſs,
The Spouſe once more driv'n to the Wilderneſs,
With joy ſhe thinks ſhe may her Doctrins own,
By what her Sons have in your Service done.

If ſteady Faith, to Monarchs can approve,
Such, which, nor Storms nor Int'reſt could remove,
She begs your Care, and fain would hope your Love.

F I N I S.

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